

THE TIMES DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE

Speed Maniac Has Place Already Selected for Him In Asylum or Hospital

By What Right Is He Permitted to Place in Jeopardy Lives of Those With Him and the Future of Their Dependents?

By WINIFRED BLACK.

THE speed maniac took us out for a ride the other day. There were five of us—the writer, the actress, the man of affairs, the lawyer, the speed maniac, and I. No, I haven't counted wrong. The speed maniac doesn't count. He isn't a person; he's just a speed maniac.

He has a magnificent new high-power machine, brand new, with all the latest facts, dials, horns, and watches there. Lights where you'd never expect them, and all sorts of places to put things in and take them out, and new sorts of cushions, and beautifully finished, the whole thing.

Before I knew he was a speed maniac I wondered about him. He's a nice, quiet young man—a law student, I think—and rather serious, but there was a strange gleam in his eye at times that I couldn't understand. I understand now. So will the doctor at the asylum when he gets there. We were all at a winter resort together, sitting on the piazza as calm and comfortable as you can imagine—the writer, the lawyer, the man of affairs, and I. We were talking about the influence of modern art upon the home, or something equally soothing and beneficial.

The speed maniac came and stood at the rail of the piazza. "Want to go for a spin?" he said. "Got my new machine here. I love to take you for a mile or two."

The Glare of His Eyes.

The actress looked at the writer, the writer looked at the man of affairs, the lawyer looked at me. "Why, yes," we said in one voice, and we rose. The speed maniac came into the speed maniac's eyes. I saw it, and wondered. So did the lawyer, he told me afterward. But neither of us said a word, and we all went and put on our wraps and our motor caps and motor caps and things and climbed into the car, talking and laughing in high spirits.

We were all well, in the prime of life, happy, and full of plans for the future. We didn't have to go for that ride. There was no necessity of our leaving the comfortable piazza, but just because the speed maniac asked us to go for a spin we went.

We spun all right, and so did the road and so did the house along the road, and so did the trees, and so, indeed, did the whole reeling, speeding, spinning universe that rushed past us like something in a nightmare.

At first we laughed and pretended to like it. Then something in the intense shoulder of the speed maniac attracted the lawyer's attention. He leaned forward and tried to speak. The speed maniac did not answer—he didn't even look at him. His face was set and his eyes were staring. He was staring at the eyes of a wild beast. She was staring near to him and she was staring.

We grew silent, we grew white, we

clutched each other, and some of us, I think, prayed a little. The actress has three little children at home, one of them just going to grammar school. I kept seeing that boy's face. What would he do if his mother died suddenly? Who would take care of him? The lawyer has an invalid mother, he supports. What would become of her, I thought.

Will He Be Called Quitter?

The man of affairs is sending his younger brother through college. We all hope great things for that younger brother. What if—?

The writer has no one but himself, but, oh, we hope and believe in great things of him! Some day he's going to give the world a message that will help some day, unless—

My own little family at home rose before me. Where would they be when the news came? How would she take it, the brave little wife with the dead and earnest eyes? What would he do, the little fellow who loves me so? And the rest?

We were not speaking a word. We weren't moving, any one of us, when suddenly down the road which crossed our path at right angles came a man on a motorcycle. He held up his arm and waved something after us. What we had passed him, but he kept after us, and finally the speed maniac relaxed, slowed down, stopped, and paid the fine.

The man on the motorcycle was very angry. "I've warned you before," he said. "You can pay this fine today, but you won't get off with that. We've had your kind to deal with before."

There was an angel from heaven; it was that man on the motorcycle. I wanted to give him all the money in my purse. The writer wanted to write him a sonnet. The lawyer promised to defend him, without charge if he ever got into any kind of trouble anywhere in the world, and the actress promised to send him her picture, autographed at that.

"Why," said the speed maniac, as we went back to the hotel at a human pace, "didn't you like it? And when we said we didn't, I could see that he despised us."

Just think, for the mere indulgence of his mania, that poor creature took five harmless people from a perfectly comfortable morning and placed them, not only in purgatory for half an hour, but he took the whole future of five harmless families into his hands and held it there in jeopardy. And if the man on the motorcycle had not interfered we would not, a single one of us, have had the courage to protest.

The speed maniac might have called us "quitters," and that would have been something we really couldn't stand. I wonder if they'll call the speed maniac a quitter when he gets to the asylum?

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Lawmakers of Land Deluged Today With Leap Year Proposals From Suffragists



IS FOR HURRY—WHICH HENRY SHOULD DO

IS FOR EVERY—WHICH INCLUDES WOMEN TOO

IS FOR NOW—THE MOMENT TO ACT

IS FOR RULES—WHICH MUST BEND TO THE FACT

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Structure of Eye Similar To Camera

Your Eyes

This is the first of a series of six articles, one of which will appear each day this week, on Defects of the Eyeball, Astigmatism and Other Eye Faults, and Glasses and Their Value. TOMORROW—How Slight Irregularities of the Eyeball Cause Strain.

By DR. L. K. HIRSBERG.

MAN relies most upon his eyes. He believes what he sees more than what he hears. The eyes are sentinels of judgment.

What they see perfectly, imperfectly, or what they neglect to see, makes you just and broad or unjust and narrow. The eyes help to make judgment certain, but they are rash sometimes and tell wonderful tales to gain outside of some sore or irritation in their faulty anatomy.

Many persons, who are willing to swear upon the witness stand of the court that they are honest, are really bear false testimony in no better sincere way. Their eyes are imperfect, as all human eyes must necessarily be.

Twenty learned, dignified clinical professors, surgeons, leading reformers and social workers, clergymen and pedagogues were recently met at the Hotel by a student of Prof. G. Stanley Hall, the noted psychologist, and they all gave false statements to the effect that these are among the groups and professions who sometimes think their professional standing and elevated social position makes them superior to other people's morals. When taken to task in the courts by some "plain person," they are amazed that judges and juries should often rule against them. So much for poor eyes of "perfect people."

Like the Camera.

Sight is secondary to the muscle sense. Indeed, it is the six horse-rein muscles of the eyeball and the muscles of the eye-lens, iris and even the eyelids, which make mere vision, the power for perception, reason, judgment, and thought what they are.

Contrary to the beautiful analogies with which some oculists and opticians try to stir your mechanical interest, the eye is not a piece of complicated machinery. You may be able to tabulate and put together the various parts and materials of a camera, a kodak, or a telescope, and learn from their material arrangement the heart of mystery.

But not so the vital structure of eye anatomy. Who is a man, medical scientists, that he may know the eye, cat, dog, and wolf of life-stuff? Creator has not yet seen fit to vouchsafe even into the Jacobus Loeb occult world of protoplasm-living fables.

True enough, the outer shell of the eyeball, called by the sterner medical "the sclerotic," is seemingly similar to the corrugated black box of the camera, while the front of the box is the cornea or the transparent window story writers say gives you "the icy look" or the "glassy stare."

What the Iris Is.

The deep-hole, or pin-pointed crevice, which contracts almost to obliteration under sharp light and when nearby objects are viewed, which dilates and grows "blackish and wide," indicates and when dilated, distance and enchantment to the view, is the iris or shutter.

The iris is of variegated hues, but in most persons it is either dark or light brown or gray. If the color particles are absent—the usual thing in white rats, white rabbits, and albino men and women—it seems pinkish because the blood shows through the transparent curtains. The iris or curtain has drawing strings made of muscle fibers, has the transparent, saddle-shaped lens, which is situated just behind the iris.

Unlike the lenses of a camera or telescope, there is present the non-material spark of Prometheus in the living eye-lens. That is to say, the eye can itself change focus by "focusing itself up," or "focusing down," and by thinning itself out or flattening.

Indeed, the vitreous body is present in all sorts of active eye. The sclera or box, its internal lining, the retina, the sparkling front cornea, the "humors" or liquids in front of the lens and behind it in the main "dark room" of the eye, are all adaptable, elastic and quick to work in harmony with each other by a magic change of focus.

In fine, this marvelous structure which is one of the most active of the human body, aids the inner man to link himself with the world of light and darkness, color and form. It catches the pictures and scenes of reality, inverts them, re-creates them via the way station of the optic nerve and brain, and translates them into life and memory as a definite or indelible impression upon your palate, your flesh, your behavior, your adaptability and your future actions.

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How To Be a Guest

I discussing agreeable and disagreeable guests, a certain hostess, a quiet, gentle little woman, who had two highly strung, nervous children, said the most unpleasant guest she ever entertained, was an old maid who remained in talking continually about the perfection of her sister's children.

An essential qualification, which one should take with him, is a tiny word of four letters, but one which has a volume of meaning—tact.

It seems strange that the art of being a guest is not studied, considering a guest has in his power to make life so agreeable for herself and those around her.

A few things a guest would do well to remember, is to arrive at the time specified, not come burdened with heavy cumbersome baggage, several trunks, when one would adequately hold the wardrobe required for the visit.

Another housekeeper was compelled to see her expensively marked cushion which had been placed in the guest room, and which she assumed would last for several weeks, suddenly gone at the end of a day. It does not necessarily follow, because a desk is provided with stationery, postage stamps, etc., that they are to be appropriated by a guest.

One woman of long experience in

entertaining, said her greatest difficulty was experienced by a guest repeatedly giving directions to the servants, who were in the kitchen, and caused all sorts of confusion and annoyance.

Other Golden Rules.

Concerning the use of toilet articles on the dressing table much might be said. A chaffronier would naturally have upon it the required toilet articles, but the thoughtful guest would lay these aside and use her own. The soul of many a hostess has been sorely tried by having the teeth of a comb broken and brushes left greasy and untidy.

The husband of a certain hostess told of an incident that made an everlasting impression on his mind. Several guests who motored to their country home were seen by the little girl of the family to use the fine beautifully monogrammed towels to brush the dust from their shoes.

What might be said of guests who are habitually late to meals, to say nothing of others who stay away at meal times without letting the hostess know, and still others who insist on asking friends in without considering the hostess's feelings.

Perhaps the most inconsiderate is the guest who insists on coming in at night after the members of the household have retired, and forgets to be quiet. This applies more especially to younger guests.

Missives in Senators' and Congressmen's Mail Innocent Enough Looking on the Outside, But Contain Arrows, Hearts, Verses, and Other Weapons.

By FLORENCE E. YODER.

Senators and Congressmen, together with the President, were the recipients of a deluge of anonymous letters today.

These missives, although innocent enough on the outside, were found to contain arrows, hearts, verses, and other dangerous weapons.

In short, the members of the Congressional Union, which organization is suspected of being party to the plot, has asked Congress to be their Valentine in no faltering terms.

In consideration of the fact that this is leap year and St. Valentine's day, too, the members of the Congressional Union, which organization is suspected of being party to the plot, has asked Congress to be their Valentine in no faltering terms.

When the Congressional and Senatorial mail was received this morning, mention was made of the fact that it was unusually large, but no suspicion as to the real reason was entertained by the faithful employees.

Upon being opened, however, by secretaries and members themselves, it was found to contain besides the dangerous weapons mentioned, professions of affection varying from a timid offering of love to a frank and open statement of determination to "get them yet."

Amendment the Cause.

The Susan B. Anthony amendment, which is said to be sleeping somewhere around in a committee, is thought to have been the cause for the anonymous attack.

Ardent suffragists are of the opinion that this amendment should be awakened and made into a Federal amendment, as a reward for being such a good law.

Women from twenty-nine States joined in the sending of the Valentines, and no discrimination was shown. The pro-suffrage Congressmen and Senators—and the anti-suffrage ones, too—received evidences of interest and attention.

Even in it predicted that the most patient watchful waiter of them all, President Wilson, will favor the big heart, covered with pretty young women with hearts in their hands with one glance.

Here are a few samples of the missives:

For it gives the women a wonderful opportunity to say a great many things which they would otherwise have had to either throttle completely, or intrude to the fallible and usually male mind. That they have taken full advantage of this opportunity will be proven

Members of Congressional Union Ask Legislators in No Faltering Tones To Be Their Valentine, and Vote "Aye" on That Susan B. Anthony Amendment.

by a perusal of the verses published below.

All Will Have a Look.

Without being extravagant in statement, one may say that every Congressman and Senator will eventually look at the Valentine which has been sent him.

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Here are a few samples of the missives:

Congressman James R. Mann of Illinois received two hearts intertwined, and labeled "In Fond Remembrance," with the following verses:

"Circumstances often alter cases. Why don't they stay at home?" he used to say; Man some day will find it wise to shift his base; Would he have us stay home election day?

Congressman Edwin Y. Webb of North Carolina received a Valentine labeled "From a Fond Heart to a Democratic (?) Congressman," with the following verse:

Federal aid he votes for rural highways And Federal aid for pork each to his need; And Federal aid for rivers, trees, and land in general. But Federal aid for women? No, indeed! One is led to suspect that ref-

FOR DELICATE CHILDREN

Mrs. Mary R. Thomson, 719 Garfield Ave., Belvidere, Ill., says "I can recommend Father John's Medicine to any mother who has delicate children. It saves doctor's bills."

Father John's Medicine For Colds and Throat and Lung Troubles. A pure food medicine. 50 years in use. No alcohol or injurious drugs.

Senator O'Gorman of New York received a decorated station of poetry shelf paper, with the following somewhat pointed allusions to his vote on the sixteenth and seventeenth amendments:

You voted for the income tax amendment. Nor did direct elections and you slow. But when it comes to suffrage, That's a matter You'd better be my Valentine, Or Look A Little OUT!

The Hon. J. Thomas Hefflin read this morning: O Tommy, get your gun, get your gun, get your gun. But this time, sir, take better aim. A street car rider do not main. In shootin' up the town for chivalry.

O Tommy, set your vote, get your vote, get your vote. At this time, sir, please murmur, "Aye." Forget your former "Nay, nay, nay." Support the bill called the Susan B. Anthony Amendment. Cut out that dog called chivalry!

Senator Martin of Virginia was reminded: Chivalry, Chivalry, where have you been? South, But the women are "on to" my scheme. Chivalry, Chivalry, what saw you there?

"Votes for Women" everywhere! But perhaps one of the real gems of the collection goes to the Hon. C. C. Carlin. They say less about our pedestal. They're gun-shy of our sphere. The ladies now get sober facts, statistics, and some cheer. We thank our noble statesmen for discovering we are human. But we sadly miss that old stand-by, "My mother was a woman!"

News Items and Activities of Women's Clubs

Many Events Scheduled for Coming Week in Women's Organizations of Washington and Nearby Towns.

LUMNAE of Cornell University and other New York institutions will be hostesses at a tea given by the College of Women's Club this afternoon in the oak room of the Raleigh. Francis Leupp will read an original story at 6 o'clock.

Members of the club and their guests have been asked to visit the room recently engaged as headquarters of the club, where members of the executive board and the house committee will receive them.

Mrs. Florence Ward, of the Department of Agriculture, is to address members of the District branch of the Congress of Mothers on "Extension of Club Work Among Boys and Girls" at the February meeting of the organization tomorrow afternoon at 2 o'clock in the oak room of the Raleigh. A talk on the "Federal Educational Vocational Bill" by a speaker to be announced later, will follow.

Plans for the observation of Frances Willard memorial day, on February 14, are being formulated by the Frances Willard branch of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Exercises will be conducted in January Hall at the Capitol, near the statue of Miss Willard.

Mrs. Hattie S. Petrie, District superintendent of medal contests, an-

nounces a silver, a gold and a music contest for the Brookland school.

Mrs. Mary Riley, vice president of the Washington Wolesley Club, will speak on the midyear meeting of the graduate council at the February meeting on Wednesday afternoon, at the home of Mrs. J. S. Diller, 1400 Belmont street. The discussion of plans for the entertainment of Mrs. Ellen F. Fawcett, president of Wolesley, during her promised visit in March, will occupy the business session.

A celebration of the birthday anniversary of Susan B. Anthony will feature the program of the Anthony League tomorrow afternoon at the home of Mrs. Anna Hendley, 1400 Belmont street. A number of suffragists counted among the pioneers of the equal franchise movement will be present to give two-minute talks. Among these are Miss Laura Clay, Mrs. Hester M. Pool, Mrs. Mary E. Crutcher, and Mrs. Florence Jackson Stoddard. Mrs. Beulah Harper will sing a composition by Prof. Samuel McWaters.

The next business meeting of the Public Library on March 2 will include an address by Carter B. Keene, director of the United States Postal Savings Bank, on "Postal Laws."

A series of lectures on the poets, inaugurated by Prof. McWaters in the auditorium at Paul Institute last Sunday with a talk on Browning, will be continued at American

University, where the speaker is an instructor.

Mrs. Norman Hill will entertain the Potomac Women's Club today, with Mrs. Giles Scott Ratter, and a troop of scouts as guests. Mrs. Isabel Worrell Ball is to give a nag talk.

A meeting of the home committee is announced for this Wednesday at the home of Mrs. Vernon H. Whitman. Mrs. Clara Sullivan is chairman.

Reports of past meetings were given at the meeting last Monday by Mrs. Alfred Norcross, Mrs. S. C. Thompson, and Mrs. M. H. Gutman. The art committee entertained the club with a Valentine party after adjournment. Prof. Wilbur Norcross will address a meeting on March 6.

U. S. Grant Circle, No. 1, Ladies of the Grand Army of the Republic, is planning a "Martha Washington tea" for February 22 and a theater benefit for February 23. Miss Emma Hayward is chairman of the theater party, and Mrs. Doris J. H. Hendrix assistant chairman.

The Junior Helpers for the Hebrew Aged have decided to meet on the first and third Sundays of each month at the Home for the Hebrew Aged, 414 M street northwest, at 7:30.

Officers for the current year were installed on January 23 at the home.

Members of the Washington Central of the Drama League have been invited to meet at the Raleigh Hotel on Wednesday evening. Special speakers have been secured for the occasion, among these being Falcon Joslin, who will talk on "Alaska."

At a meeting on February 7 Mrs. Mary S. Lockwood, president of the National Agricultural Association, and founder of the D. A. R., and Miss Ina Coulbrieth, president of the Pacific Coast Press Association, were elected to honorary membership.

Mrs. Susanne Oldberg, of this city; Mrs. Amanda Miller, of San Jose, Cal.; Mrs. Eunice Parker Detweiler, of Pittsburgh, Pa.; and Mrs. Annie G. Massey, of Hot Springs, Ark., were elected to full membership.

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